



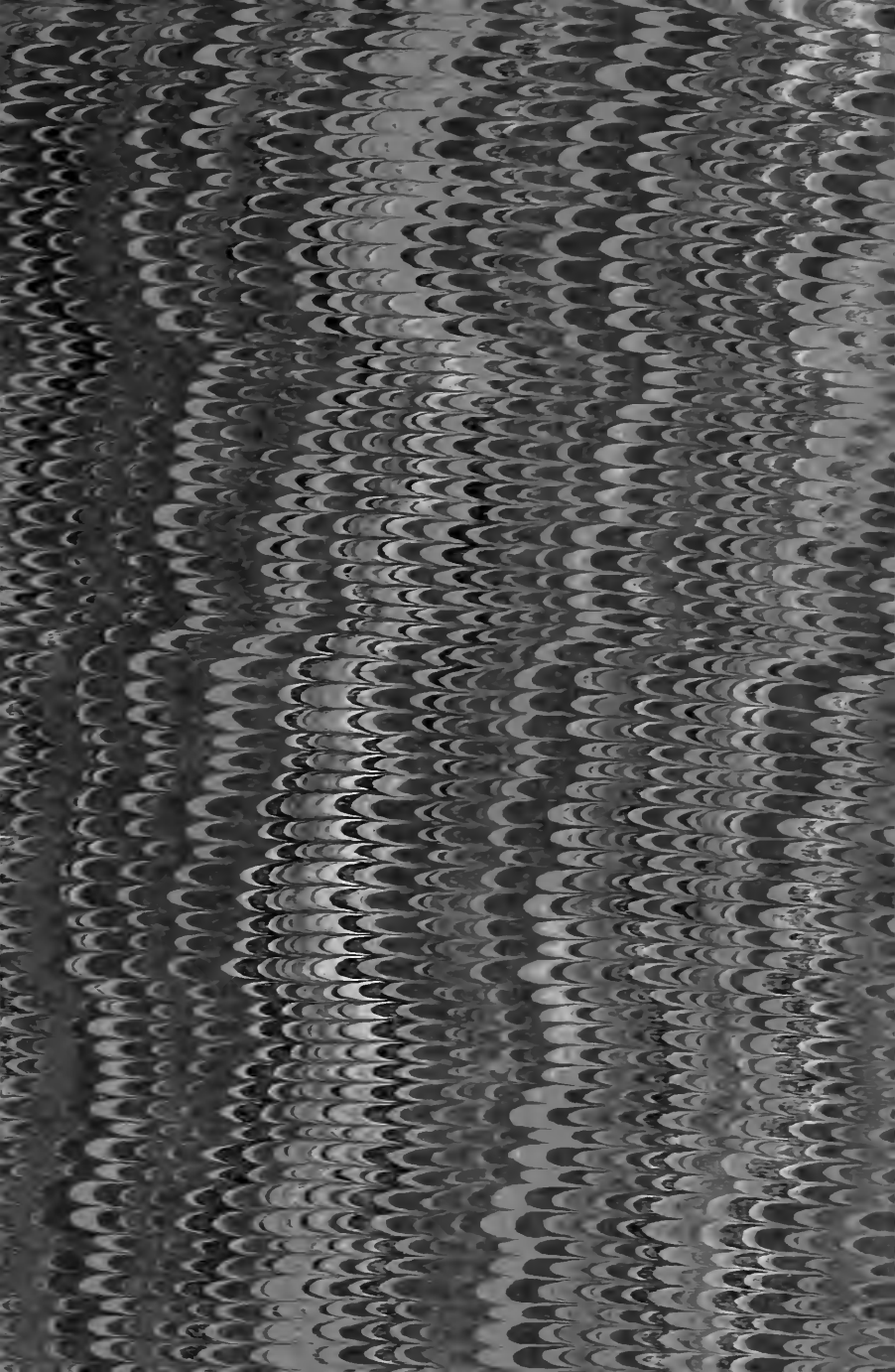
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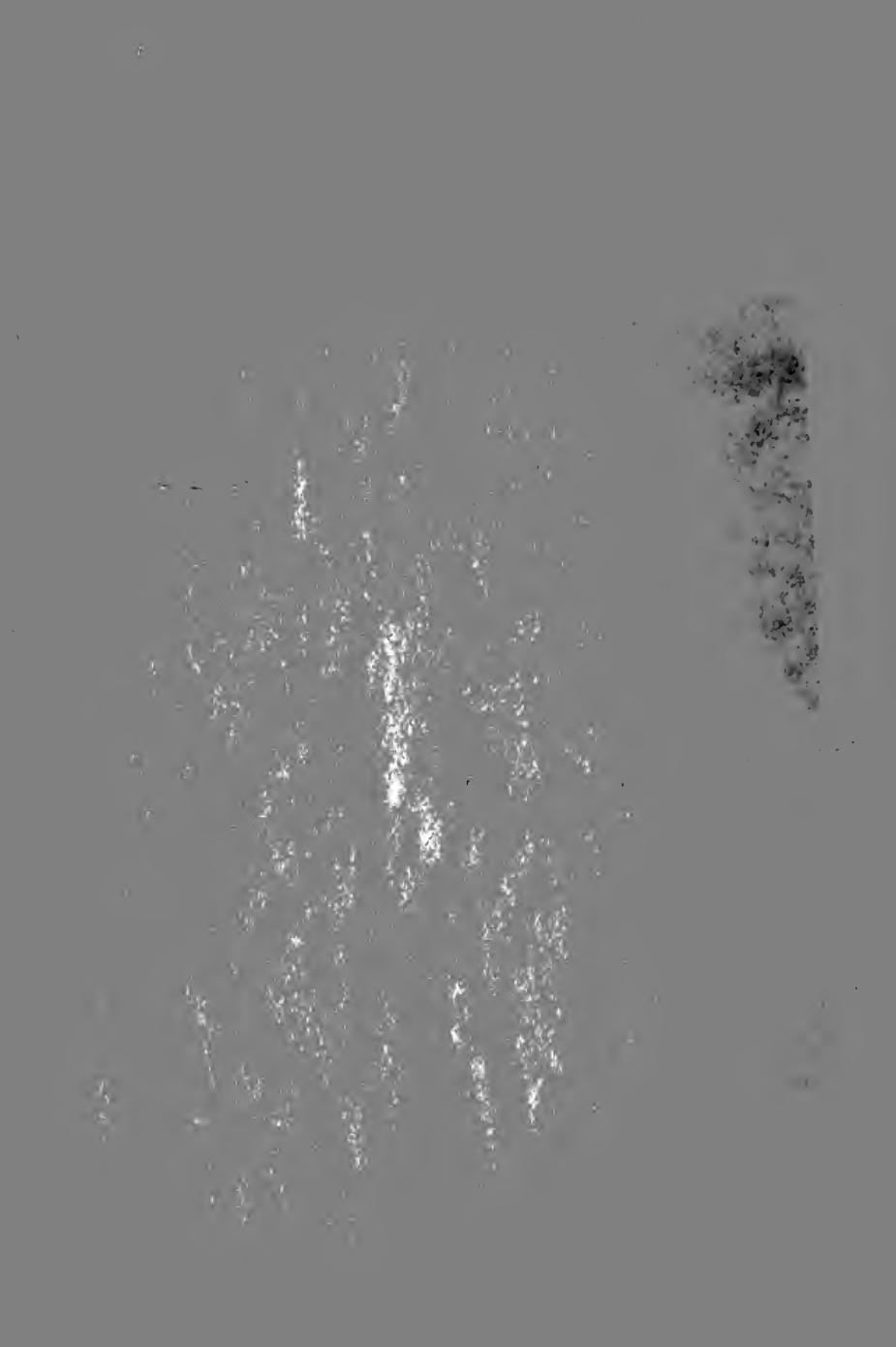




MAKE THY WAY MINE.



GEORGE KLINGLE.









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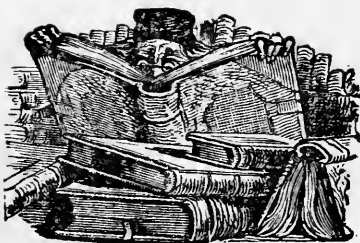
# Make Thy Way Mine

AND OTHER POEMS

BY ✓

George Kingle

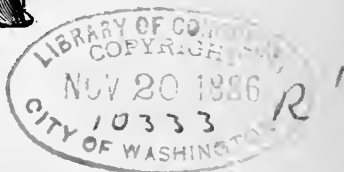
Holmes, Mrs. Georgiana (Kingle)



New York

WHITE, STOKES, & ALLEN

1886



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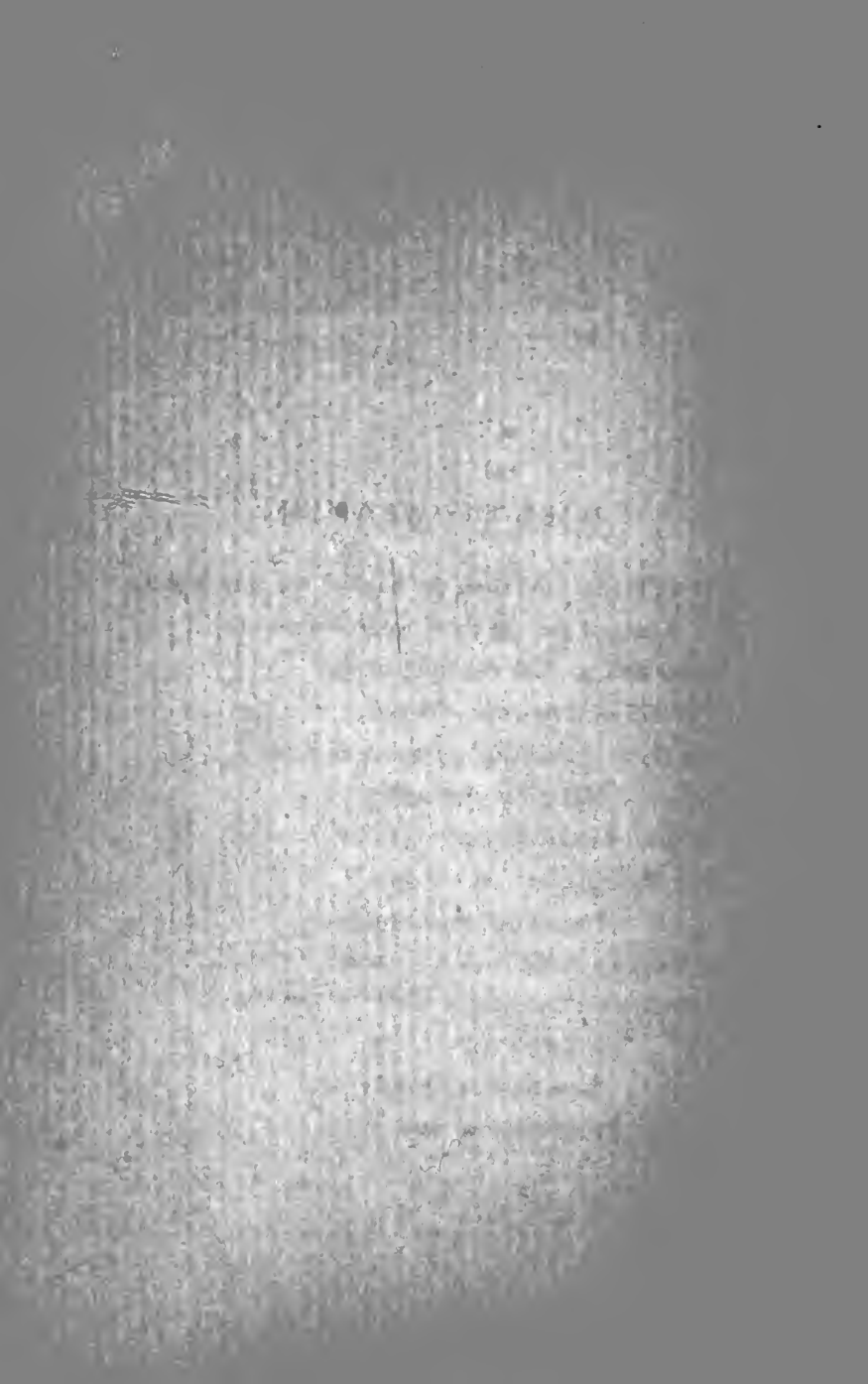
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### MAKE THY WAY MINE.

FATHER, hold thou my hands ; the way is steep,  
I cannot see the path my feet must keep ;

I cannot tell, so dark the tangled way,

Where next to step. Oh, stay ;

Come close ; take both my hands in thine ;

Make thy way mine.

Lead me. I may not stay :

I must move on, but oh, the way !

I must be brave and go ;

Step forward in the dark nor know

If I shall reach the goal at all—

If I shall fall

Take thou my hand :

Take it ! Thou knowest best

How I should go, and all the rest ;

I cannot, cannot see ;

Lead me ; I hold my hands to thee ;

I own no will but thine ;

Make thy way mine.

## WHILE WE MAY.

THE hands are such dear hands ;  
They are so full. They turn at our demands  
So often. They reach out,  
With trifles scarcely thought about,  
So many times. They do  
So very many things for me, for you ;  
If their fond wills mistake,  
We may well bend, not break.

They are such fond, frail lips  
That speak to us. Pray, if love strips  
Them of discretion many times,  
Or if they speak too slow, or quick, such crimes  
We may pass by, for we may see  
Days not far off when those small words may be  
Held not as slow, or quick, or out of place, but dear  
Because the lips are no more here.

They are such dear familiar feet that go  
Along the path with ours ; feet fast, or slow ;  
And trying to keep pace, if they mistake,  
Or tread upon some flower that we would take  
    Upon our breast, or bruise some reed,  
    Or crush poor Hope until it bleed,  
        We may be mute,  
        Not turning to impute  
        Grave fault, for they and we  
    Have such a little way to go, can be  
Together such a little while along the way,  
    We will be patient while we may.

So many little faults we find :  
    We see them for not blind  
Is love ; we see them, but if you and I  
Perhaps remember them some by and by  
    They will not be  
Faults then—grave faults—to you and me,  
But just odd ways, mistakes, or even less,  
    Remembrances to bless.

---

Days change so many things—yes, hours—  
We see so differently in suns and showers ;

Mistaken words to-night

May be so cherished by to-morrow's light !

We may be patient, for we know

There's such a little way to go.

## A YEAR AGO.

I WAS so rich a year ago  
That every day  
A little child looked up to me  
Amid its play.  
I was so very rich because  
The child was mine.  
I did not think he was but lent  
A little time.

I dreamed for him bright dreams,  
And he?  
The castles that he built  
Were all for me.  
I cannot tell you, if I try,  
How golden bright  
The head upon my pillow  
Every night.

---

I never could begin to tell—  
I wish I could—  
How sweet this child of mine.  
How sweet, how good ;  
Or half how rich I felt myself.  
You do not know  
How very rich I was  
A year ago.

And now I stand upon the path—  
I stand alone—  
How poor I am !—So poor no diadem  
That ever shone  
Could make me rich. But standing here  
And looking down  
On trodden hope, as on some crimson wind-flower  
Turned to brown,  
I see that, though I am so poor,  
For his sweet sake,  
I may be glad that God saw fit  
His own to take.

I may be glad, because  
    I loved him so,  
That God should do so kind a thing,  
    And let him go,  
Before the world's breath ever  
    Swept his face—  
What could my love have done  
    To grant such grace?  
What could my love have done?  
    I could not keep  
My child, with all my love, so safe  
    But he would weep.



## PERFECTION IN DIVISION.

SOME flowers bear violet on their bosoms, and  
some blue ;

Some love a hue

More tender, and you know,

Some are as white as snow.

If all the colors slept upon one breast

Our eyes would ask for rest.

Some birds have gifts of song ;

Others, of wings so strong

They rule as kings : some, going by,

Flush nature's heart with crimson dye,

Or blue, or gold ; and some

With just a chirp of gladness come.

If all birds' wings were strong, or red,

Or all birds' songs said

Each to each the same on hills, through vales below

There would be tears I know.

Some human lips part singing ; some with cries ;  
Some spirits weep or smile from out their eyes ;

Some eyes are blind.

Some hands are strong to loose or bind,

And some but cling :

Some spirits are so strong of wing,

With such a sweet control

Reaching from soul to soul ;

And others never try

To rise and fly.

If all lips sung, or cried,

Or wings of spirits tried

The same broad flight,

Lips would fade white.

Gifts are divided. Some hands hold

A weight of gold ;

Some just a child ;

Some, acres where the sun hath smiled.

God never made

A hand without a gift—though gifts do fade—

And some, so many hold that they forget  
The gift, God-set,  
High toward the Throne, and so  
Bend down too low.

## A FINISHED CHAPTER.

ONE chapter of my life is ended ;  
One chapter cut so short ; extended  
Such a little way, so brief :

And I must put it by ; turning a new white leaf,  
So white, so marked with change,  
So different from the last ; so strange ;  
Without a line to guess the reading by :  
A page as yet stained but with tears that cry  
Blood-red to heaven, and ask what I shall write  
First on the white.

The last sweet chapter, though so new, so strange  
At the beginning, came with change  
All tremulous with added life  
And whisperings of new-created lips ripe  
With their benediction. Life added unto life, complete  
In benison of God, sung a new psalm along the white,  
new leaf, replete

---

With utterances the tenderest of Time's lips,  
And all the writing ran so smoothly in straight lines,  
    with slips  
But here and there, to show imperfect still  
The sweetest chapter of the whole, until  
    The last,

Which comes when all the rest is past.  
So full of benediction's breath, that other page,  
One might half guess what would be written and  
    assuage  
The human yearning passionate, strong, strong as  
    death,

    In its soft breath.  
But cut apart and laid in separate place  
That little chapter, and an angel face,  
    New-crowned, looks in surprise,  
    With rapture in its eyes,  
        Along God's light.  
    My new page is so white !  
    It is so strange, so new,

With nothing to be guessed about what I can do  
To make it mine ; yet I must do, must go, must write;

Too weak to do or think aright ;

But God, who closed so soon the last fond chapter,  
Will show me soon what cometh after,

And help me choose,

And tell me just the words to use.

## THE BENEDICTION OF LIGHT.

When I grow weak  
With beating human wings against infinitude, and seek  
From out the opened heavens, some new, strange sign,  
Some flame omnipotent to shine  
Upon my faith ; when I would reach too high—  
Beating my sin-clipped wings—and cry  
To see an opened heaven ; a spirit race ;  
My own bright angel with a face  
Lifted to God ; when I am weak,  
Lead me, too mute to speak,  
Where I may see—tender as thoughts of God—  
The light along the West, trod  
By the crescent and the one lone star,  
Which did not sin-stain mar,  
Might tremble with the wings of angels, and reach out  
To upper thrones. Could faith then turn about

And ask a sign ?—look on infinitude  
Bowing to meet the finite ; from along the multitude  
Of spheres, just out of sight,  
Feel the strong breath of God, and ask for light  
God has held back ? The hand  
That swung out stars, within an angel band,  
Shall keep  
*My* angel till I fall asleep.



## MY CROSS HIS CROWN.

**M**Y cross? Oh, can I take  
That cross to carry? did He break  
My idol, and instead  
Lay *this* across the pathway I must tread?  
How can I lift it up, so great—  
How can I lift so great a weight?  
How can I rise and go  
Bent with this cross along the way? I know  
He chose for me Himself and tried  
Its weight with tender hands; was satisfied;  
Laid it just here—and I?  
I have not frowned. I did not cry  
To have it lifted; would not change  
The cross he chose for me, but strange  
And terrible it looks!—I see—

Looking so hard—a light about the cross God chose for  
me :

Looking so hard, I see my own child's face ;  
I see a crown just in my cross' place ;

Looking so hard—I see  
A cross and crown. God gave to me  
The cross, brought it and laid it down,  
But, oh, my cross is but my angel's crown !

## THE DUAL STRUGGLE.

**I**F I should say  
I will not strive to-day ;  
Will not step on a pace,  
But stand right here, looking upon the face  
Of all my woe ;  
Refuse to go,  
And let my hands drop  
Where they will ; crouching down close to Grief,  
Would it yet be relief ?  
Still, when I, by resolve,  
Prayed out and sought out, solve  
Grief's problem, reaching out a hand  
To put it back : leave it to stand  
One step behind, while I  
Dare, in my sorrow's passion, turn and try

To look not on its face,  
What grace  
Comes to me so? Must Grief  
Be left upon the wayside? For relief  
Must Grief stand back? Is love—  
Breath of the God above—  
So strong, so weak,  
That when its voice is hushed Grief must not speak?  
With dual struggle day by day,  
I wrestle to leave Grief, to move away,  
Yet am not willing even to take  
A single step, so, fighting, I must break  
My will in two strong places, asking God to give  
Not only help to make me live  
At all, but so  
To help that I can *will* to live and go.

## MYSTICISM.

THERE were so many, many things  
On every side,  
So many, many, wondrous things,  
Bright, glorified,  
That we could see them, he and I,  
The whole day long—  
Looking together always  
Light was strong.

Light was so strong six months ago,  
That when at play,  
He came and stood with me to look,  
Day after day,  
And smiled into my face—this child—  
And lifted up

His eyes from moss-urns at his feet,  
Or fringed 'cup,  
To look away, above, across  
Into the light—  
To look so far away—I thought  
The world was bright.  
And now, should I be asked to-day  
If God, though no less good,  
Had taken the brightness quite away,  
And understood,  
Better than we, our earnest needs,  
And made the light to fade  
From human hearts, and from the sun  
And darkness made,  
I could but say, looking alone  
I cannot see ;  
Looking alone, though God be good  
To him, to me,  
And gave him brighter things so soon—  
I cannot tell  
Why hands reach out, why lips can smile !

---

Though all be well,  
God keeping us, the world is dark,  
And I but lay  
My heart against the darkness  
And await the day.

AS GOD LEADS.

HOW can I go ;  
How rise, and take the path and know  
I have no hand to hold, no face  
To meet me on the way at any place !  
I stand  
Just where I held his hand ;  
I took—  
Just here the wind hath shook  
His gold curls, and his feet  
This far came with me : then let me but repeat,  
Just standing where I am,  
All that his lips said—sacred as a psalm—  
While we were moving on, before I knew  
His footsteps would stop him. So new  
The way looks on beyond ; if I could stay,  
If I could but live over day by day



The sweet gone-by ; if I could be  
Found waiting where he left me—but I see  
A step ahead which I must take.  
What that my heart should break ;  
What that I cry—  
Or am too mute to lift on high  
A cry for pity—I must go ;  
Reach out for other hands ; know  
The bleak places of new hills ; be strong :  
Carry my burden all along  
The uphill road ; leave  
All our footprints in the path that in and out, weave  
On together until now ; must take  
The new step on alone, and make  
My eyes lift to the sun, and look  
At purple hill, and throbbing brook,  
And make  
My hands reach out again to take  
Flowers, that will grow against my feet and keep  
Reminding me I have no other hands to put them in !  
Steep

Be the way or level, can it matter now ?  
If I must leave his footprints does it matter how ?  
    If I must go ; walk just the same,  
    Without his love-lips murmuring my name,  
        I only know  
It cannot matter much the way I go  
So that the path leads high,  
Leads closer, every day, toward the sky ;  
Leads, as God wills, toward the meeting-place  
    Where I shall look upon my angel's face.

## SUBMISSION.

**W**HAT can I do?  
Oh, little Life, in you

I lived, and now, how can I care

To live at all? Despair

Would take me by the hand, but shall I go?

If it should take me by the hand, and you should know,

Would you be glad? or, would you rather see

A nobler following after thee?

For thy sweet sake I put the hand aside,

I will be brave, my Glorified ;

Lift up my face and go ;

Look out upon the light, and up, and so,

Leaving despair,

Push on to nobler things to do and dare,

For thy sweet sake—and His,

Whose glory is

Revealed to thee so soon—and be  
What your bright thought could wish for me—  
A pure, true life  
Brought nearer heaven, and thee, by each day's strife ;  
Love crystalized to deeds ; remembrance purified  
By keeping close to Him, and close to thee, my  
Glorified.

## OUR LEGACIES.

**I**F some hand is quite still  
That we have loved, and kept in ours until  
It grew so cold ;  
If all it held hath fallen from its hold,  
And it can do  
No more, perhaps there are a few  
Small threads that it held fast  
Until the last,  
That we can gather up and weave along,  
With patience strong  
In love. If we can take  
But some wee, single thread, for love's sweet sake,  
And keep it beaten on the wheel  
A trifle longer ; feel  
The same thread in our hands to add unto and hold,  
Until our own grow cold,

We may take heart above the wheel and spin  
    With weak hands that begin  
Where those left-off, and going on  
    Grow strong.  
If we bend close to see  
Just what the threads may be  
Which filled the quiet hands,  
    Perhaps some strands  
So golden, or so strong may lie there still  
That we our empty hands may fill,  
    And even yet  
Smile though our eyes be wet.

## ITALY.

VICTOR EMMANUEL is King of Rome !  
Italy lives—is free. There shone  
A quivering light on her breast of snow,  
As she lay in her sleep long ago,  
And she lightly stirred while her breath went forth  
From Apennine to Alp of the North.  
But the swathes which bound her were netted strong  
By the sinewy fingers that bound them on—  
It was only a breath she had flung afar,  
She was Italy dead, a shrouded star.  
When on other shores, with the centuries, trod  
France, Lombard, Goth, from ashes and blood  
Noble empire came forth with giant tread  
Grander, by far, than the step of the dead.  
But Italy, land of eloquence, art,  
Lay unmoved, cold, still, with her frozen heart ;

Her name unforgotten ; too great in the past  
To be lost, yet aside with obloquy cast.

While she lay in her sleep,  
Proud monarchies sweep  
The hem of their purple over her face,  
And mar, as they trample, the lines of its grace,  
And a Hierarchy springs from her bosom whose hands  
Sprinkle with blood, rivet her bands,  
Plant on her breast the weighty tiaras—  
Sprinkle with blood of Dante, Rienzes.  
She awoke, and from Piedmont, from valley and hill,  
Swordsmen sprung into birth, a clarion shrill  
From glacier to glacier rung forth, and with blood,  
War-legions moved on through the purple flood.

Neapolitan, Tuscan, the down-trodden Lombard,  
With grasp, and with nerve drew the sword from its  
scabbard,  
And France, with her banners in glory unfurled,  
Over Italy's bosom held her shield to the world.

She had stirred, was freed, was aroused—but in  
part—



---

The shroud yet tightened above her heart ;  
She lived, but the cords which bound her fast  
Were kept by the shield and sword of France.

Now Victor Emmanuel is King of Rome !

Italy has passed to her ancient throne.

There is rapture which swells on her haunted shore,

There are voices—their burden is, evermore—

Italy lives, she reigns, is free,

Viva Roma, capitale d' Italia !

## LOVE'S PRAYER.

**L**OVE'S heart was dumb in asking. Could it  
choose,  
And so refuse  
The boon of having God choose for it, knowing best  
Just what to send at Love's behest?  
So dumb before God's throne that no words came,  
Calling some wish by name—  
When it would pray;  
No words but,—“Keep him day by day;  
And grant this last,  
That he may find thy heaven when days are past;”  
So mute it could not plead,  
But agonize and bleed,  
While on its breast  
The child-face, night by night, smiled in its rest  
And slept. Could Love do more?  
Could it ask better grace? implore  
Some earthborn glory—ask instead  
For genius, power; for honor on the golden head?

---

This boon alone, a place in Heaven, and all things else  
as best,

Leaving to God the rest;

This was the prayer, day following day,

With such a tender hope that God would find a way

To make a long bright pathway for the feet,

With all earth's sweetest utterances complete,

Before he gave the last, best gift,

For human life must drift

In human channels somewhat, human love is strong.

But when the prayer was granted, and along

The free, glad light,

God sent to call his angel to a way more bright,

Knowing quite best

That *this* was sweetest of behest,

Love's heart was speechless, holding up

Such empty hands—to God held up—

Such empty hands! So strong was Love

It dared not lift a wish above;

It dared not choose—Oh, Love is strong

That dares not risk to choose the wrong !

## JESUS CRUCIFIED.

JESUS, the Crucified ; Jesus, the Crucified.  
What are shades of eventide,  
What the midnight, if beside  
Jesus, Jesus crucified ?

What that lives must touch and part;  
Phantoms tread the echoing heart;  
Sorrows come in every way—  
Sorrows new with every day—  
What it all, if Jesus be,  
Jesus crucified for me ?  
Quivering heart; oh, quivering heart,  
Yearning, longing soul apart,  
What is anguish ?—at thy side  
Is Jesus—Jesus crucified.

## THE SILVER CROSS.

SHE laid in his hand a tangled thorn  
Crimsoned with berries, mountain-born;  
She had nothing else, though his locks were white,  
Nothing to give on the Christmas night:  
But he smiled and laid on her braids of gold  
The fingers, shriveled and spare and old,  
And was gone; but a cross of silver light  
Lay where he stood on the snow-drifts white.

A morsel of porridge; the hands were small  
That divided the porridge, then gave it all.  
But he smiled, and bowed his locks of white—  
Frosted with snow of the Christmas night—  
Smiled and bent to the child-face cold,  
Touched it with fingers shriveled and old,  
And was gone; but a cross of silver light  
Lay where he stood on the drifts of white.

Faces peered from cottage and hall  
Out on the midnight, great and small,  
Out on a pilgrim, shriveled and old,  
Pleading for alms; but who could have told  
That the little Christ on each threshold stood—  
In strange disguise, for evil or good,  
That the angels bearing His gifts might know  
The blessed by the cross in the drifted snow.

## SONGS WITH WORDS.

**I**F birds but sung, and kept  
Their small nests in the grass, and swept  
Their pretty wings beneath the eaves,  
Amid the leaves,  
And higher toward the sun;  
If on the beaten rocks  
The flocks  
Of white wings swung  
Without a language, and the lifted forests rung  
With voices without words,  
Nature had loved the birds.  
But when, along the hush  
Of solitude, the thrush  
Tells of its love, or cries  
Across the silence to its mate of some surprise,  
When voices go from rock to rock,  
Seeming to mock

The quiet of the air, with harsh, hard call,  
Or tenderer voices rise and fall  
    With some pathetic cry,  
Songs with words unknown to us drift by,  
Of voices chattering of nooks to find  
Where nests may swing—soft nests be twined—  
    It would be strange  
    If nature, in exchange  
For voices all her soul to move,  
    Gave no more love.  
The air is full of heart-throbs breathed in song,  
Of hopes and fears; perhaps of some grave wrong,  
    Of patient effort and content ;  
    Of sentiment  
    As true, as real  
Within its little way as though a larger deal  
Governed the stakes ; of little conflicts  
And decisions ; of discussions ; interdicts  
On winged peoples; selections and rejections ;  
    Of grave reflections  
    Upon times and seasons,  
    Of migratory reasons ;



---

Of ways and means ; of governmental factions ;

Of distractions ;

Of superior forces, power and cunning ;

Of the seeking and the shunning,

And the keeping and the giving ;

Of the dying and the living ;

Of the loving.

Solitudes have many voices ;

Song-birds sing in making choices,

Sing in all the words they utter,

Sing in chattering to each other ;

Sing in wooing, willing, flying,

Sing in fearing and in dying,

Speak—in diction known to birds—

In words.

## SOLICITUDE.

A TINY dory just upon the shore ;  
A little new, white sail, and on before  
The beckoning sea.

Around, the morning light upon the golden sand;  
The dreamy waters; ships far off from land;  
A scrap of idle foam beneath the lea.

A little pure white sail, so pure, so white!—  
Flushed roseate in the early light;  
A whispering tide:  
Beyond, the rocks lie deep:  
Beyond, the wierd winds sweep:  
The sea is wide.

If, on the other side, across the sea,  
Day burns within the harbor of immensity,  
And all is safe

---

Between this shore and that, winds sweep:  
Night shudders, crouching down from deep to deep,  
Torn sails beseech relief.

If we turn white: if we would pray,  
Though but the breath of early day  
Touches the new, white sail;  
Be still, for each new day  
Flushes to roseate hue all ships that drift away,  
Though ships be frail.

The sail is white; a pure, fair soul  
With loosened wings bound for a goal;  
When all is night,  
When treacherous seas deceive,  
When death yields no reprieve,  
Will the white wings be white?

## OUR HAUNTED WAY.

WE cannot always keep  
The hands of friends, nor even reap  
Our grain beside them, or walk near  
That we may speak across, from path to path, and hear  
The words that they would say: we do not see  
The ways they go, nor be  
Quite sure if we would know  
Should they exchange this path below  
For one more bright, or how, or where.  
Just now and then  
We look into their eyes: from place to place  
We meet and look upon a face  
That we have carried, as we take  
The dream of some sweet flower which bloomed to  
make  
A pathway bright, and so  
We carry onward as we go,  
The influence of so many hours,

---

Of spirits that draw close to ours,  
Spirits that draw close and go,  
To come no more for aught we know,  
Yet leave a vision where they stood—  
A dream so bright, so strong, so good—  
That we are richer every day  
Because we tread a haunted way.

## A CHILD'S THOUGHT.

A HAND

Came, holding to my face a violet cup  
Half opened : " This came up  
Because it is the day that Jesus rose,"  
The sweet lips said, and I suppose  
No violet to my face  
Will lift its purple breast in any place  
But I shall hear the words, and see  
The glad eyes smiling up at me  
Because *one* flower was found—  
Just one above the hardened ground—  
On Easter day. It was a face so bright—  
A boy's face, filled with light—  
*This* Easter tide  
Will find the sweet face glorified.

---

And, though for Jesus' sake, some flower may blow,  
No face with deeper love, I know,  
Will smile because its leaves unclosed  
    "The day when Jesus rose."

## TRUST.

WE do not see.

It was not meant for you and me  
To look beyond the near, dim West  
Dividing the present from the rest—

From the to-come.

Just one by one

The steps we take ;

Just one by one the glories wake,

Or tempests beat. We go

Nearer and nearer to the setting sun, and know

But this, Whatever is, is best—

Sweetest of words confessed

By love's warm breath

In life or death.

We go

Led by His shielding hand and know

He will not make,



Except for love's sweet sake,

A single day

Shadowed along life's bitter way.

When it is night

We rest in this—He leadeth toward the light.

## TORRIGIANO TO HIS STATUE OF CHRIST.

It will be remembered that Torrigiano, the celebrated Florentine sculptor, died, amid horrible tortures, at the hands of the Inquisitors, for the breaking of his exquisite statue of the Infant Christ.

HAVE I shattered thee, O Beautiful! thou Christ-child pale and pure,  
Not broken thee, O Little-one? I thought thou wouldst endure  
Down to the coming ages, and stand in all thy grace,  
In all thy power of loveliness in fame's most honored place,  
Breathing upon the distant air Torrigiano's name—  
Breathing with thy pure lips—rekindling his fame;—  
But all is lost!  
Lost! Lost—he stands before a broken shrine;  
He bends above thee, Little-one! Thine  
Is the favored part,  
Thy frozen, frozen heart

---

Knows not the woe it is to throb, to beat so high—

To throb—and die !

Oh, I have shattered thee, thou Fair, but passion  
nerved the blow ;

They thought to win thee, Beautiful, but I have laid  
thee low !

Did they think to buy thee with their bags—their cop-  
per bags, in truth ?

Their thirty ducats?—they have learned far otherwise,  
forsooth.

I did not mean to desecrate the Name that thou didst  
bear—

High Heaven, knowing all things, knows that I am  
guiltless there—

I have stricken thee, O Beautiful, and jealous rage  
hath sworn

To drink the blood of vengeance for thy wondrous  
beauty shorn :

A little while and muffled feet will bear me from this  
cell—

The tortures of the after hours, who shall there be to  
tell ?

They may part my flesh among them ! I have wounded  
not the Christ !

It was only thee, thou Little-one—thou the lost, the  
last !

May the hand that makes the marble stand out with  
life and nerve,

May the hand that wields the chisel over every sleeping  
curve,

Not sway the severing hammer, where in lingering love  
before

It hath bent with fiery ardor—love that kindles never  
more !

## INFLUENCES.

THE wind's breath comes and goes :  
It blows

Along the south, and frail and fair

A heart is lifted to the wooing air—

A little heart so true

It would not come at all unless the south wind blew—

And stands, held quite aloft, so still

That none have known it for a heart at all, until,

Just as the wind forgets,

It shudders—vain regrets !—

A myriad flowers shudder when winds blow east,

But yet, the winds have never ceased

To blow, both night and day—

Blow, south, and east, and every way,

And you can tell the anguish of their breath

If you will spell the language of the fields. Both life  
and death

Winds blow on every side.

The rifted stems, brown, weird, and dried,  
Stand up before it, and, close by  
The shafts, so tender and so shy,  
That have but now just ventured forth,  
The winds shall sweep them from the north,  
And they will shudder, shrink, fade, die.  
With quiverings of life, or death, the winds go by.  
    They may not know  
How much they do; they come and go,  
And maybe never know at all  
The truth, that no such breath can fall  
    Quite idly. You and I  
Do many things : we cannot lie  
Inert as blades in painted sheath  
With all the panting earth beneath.  
We breathe, and kindle by each breath  
Some influence vowed to life and death,  
    Just as the winds which blow  
        On errands go.

“I KNOW IN WHOM I HAVE BELIEVED.”

I F I but *thought*

Christ kept my crowned one ; brought  
His crown, my cross, and all the tangled web of life,

Joy-flushed, or paled with strife,  
Out from the treasure-house of God :

If, as I trod

With hands so empty reaching out to take  
The stone-cold tables written with the laws to break

My will against in my next step ;

If I but *thought* my way was kept,  
Marked by its crosses and its times of light,

Within God's sight,

I would, transfixed with fear, stand on the way

Mute-lipped, frozen too still to pray,

Frozen too still to go—

But oh, I know

The God in whom I have believed,

Who first my breath conceived,  
Whose life, vibrating through infinitude,  
Quickens these humans, quickened me and holds  
    My goings in his hands ; unfolds  
    This new, strange winding in my way ;  
        Darkens my day,  
        Lifting my light so high  
That walking in the dark I cannot choose but toward  
    the sky  
    Reach nearer than before, and keep  
The steepest path. My crowned-one fell asleep.  
    I take my first steps on alone and go ;  
Reach through the dark ; step onward, for I know  
He keeps my light—my little loved-one's face—  
So bright, so sinless, in the trysting-place  
    Where we shall meet,  
That I can trust He will my way complete,  
    Helping my feet tread high,  
Keeping them steady till the by and by.



## AUTUMN'S TIRED FLOWERS.

THEIR tired eyes close.

The days have been so long ; the red sun rose  
So soon, so fervent, red,  
The sweetest hearts of all, touched by his breath are  
dead.

Poor hearts ! poor weary eyes !  
The wings above, in sad surprise  
Bend down : sweep  
The languid lips they may not keep ;  
Droop, crimson-dyed, but slow,  
With songs so sad, so low,  
And they ?—they fall asleep, poor eyes :  
The sun-wooded dies.

Above, the brown, sear leaves  
Shiver : warm breath deceives

More hearts than hearts of flowers,  
Blights in its warmest hours,  
And by and by  
Forgets the shivering heart it leaves to die,

## THE CHOSEN ONE.

THE angel from the Throne  
One brow alone  
Touched with the mystic sign—  
Though two were there matched line for line,—  
Two faces, pure and fair,  
Pillowed so close, with intermingling hair  
Like threads of rumpled gold—  
And now the one sweet, silent face is cold !

One mother looked upon them both in love,  
And watched them sleep, and prayed the Heart above  
To choose some sweet behest  
For these that slept upon her breast,  
Yet, when the angel came,  
And called one child by name,  
And let the spirit free—

Bound by mortality, and sin, and woe,—  
How hard to take the gift and let the spirit go.

One face alone, with strands of rumped gold,  
Sleeps fitfully, where two of old  
Were pillowed side by side ;  
                    The Glorified  
Is free. A new, sweet tone  
Trembles amid the anthems round about the Throne,  
And, from its place,  
The chosen spirit sees Emmanuel's face.

### HIS TO LAY ASIDE.

A LITTLE tool am I ; just one within His hand ;  
Just His to choose,  
And His to use ;  
Shaped out at His command.

If He should lay me down, perhaps I might be sad,  
And wonder why  
He put me by,  
And never more be glad.

Yet I would surely know, whatever He might do—  
However choose  
His tools to use—  
His love was strong and true.

Just looking in His face, although my heart might  
break,

I could but know

He loved me so,

There could be no mistake.

## BLIGHTED.

S HE was singing as he passed,  
Twining willows deft and fast ;  
Twining willows, singing low—  
Eyes of sunshine, cheeks aglow ;  
Did he then at last behold  
Eyes of light and locks of gold  
Matched to some Madonna old  
He had seen, an ideal fair,  
Mystic light on lip and hair?—  
Andalusia's fairest maids  
He had scanned in woods and glades,  
Fairest maids from sea to sea,  
But none were fair of face as she.  
He wooed and won the little maid,  
And robed her in the rich brocade,  
And paid her court in regal hall,

But sad her smile amid it all.  
For nurtured where the willows grew,  
And where the mountain violets blew,  
She faded as a flower which dies  
In sighing for its own blue skies,



“TYSIE”

**I**T was last night. She looked into my face ;  
She smiled. The unforgotten grace  
Swept round her as of old,  
Her locks of gold  
Burned in the light,  
And then I said,  
So joyously, she is not dead.  
Night deepened, and I turned,  
Breathless with sudden cry—  
Some whisper passed me by,  
And I could find  
No soul enshrined  
In its fair guise,  
Bewildering me with its pure eyes  
Where light, just as of old, had burned.  
And then I said  
The vision fair hath given me in a dream.

Light to carry onward, and I deem  
It no small gift—the vision of her face—  
Although, I always see, in every place,  
The beauty of a truer dream which is not dead,

## SACRIFICE.

THE keynote of life's harmony is sacrifice.  
Not twice, or thrice,  
Beneath each sun will souls bow down  
To lay the crown  
Of will, or time, beneath strange feet,  
But many times, that life's chords may be sweet.  
Who sacrifices most  
Drinks deepest life's rich strain, counting no cost,  
But giving self on every side,  
Daily and hourly, sanctified  
But in the giving.  
Living  
Is but the bearing, the enduring,  
The clashing of the hammer ; the cutting,  
The straining of the strings,  
The growth of harmony's pure wings.  
Life is the tuning-time, complete  
Alone when every chord is sweet

Through sacrifice. No untried string  
Can music bring :  
No untried life  
Has triumphed, having passed the strife.  
True living  
Is learning all about the giving. '

## FOOTPRINTS.

THE white, the blue, the violet hearts of flowers ;  
Each prism flashing in the showers ;

The dew—

Each tiny drop—each atom of a tender hue

Of all the mists of skies ;

Each transient beautiful that is, yet dies,

But gives itself in wordless sacrifice which is not lost.

And we ? With wavering lips, crossed

Now with laughter, then with sighs and cries,

We lift inevitable sacrifice

To Good or Evil, and create

Here with our changeful steps, on God's estate,

A nobler following after good, a better sphere,

Or bring to birth more strength for evil. Here—

Here, on this bright, sad world—both you and I

Must leave our chosen, irradicable mark, and die.

No life so low is given, but it may hold

A benison to lips mute, parched or cold :  
No life so high but it may stoop to take  
The hand of Evil—stoop to wake  
Some sleeping thing debased which might have slept.  
Where we have stepped,  
Along life's path, the marks shall be  
Indelible to God, though man may never see.

## THE SLAUGHTERED BRAVE.

A N armful of sweet flowers !—he laughed to see  
So many on his arms for me,  
But held one up—  
One single, beautiful pure cup—  
Looking a moment, saddened at its grace,  
“ But this,” he said, and held it to my face ;  
“ Stood up so brave and bright  
I could not bear to take its life ;”—pure, frail, and  
white,  
I took it in my hand, and for his sake  
Who begged me just a sketch to make  
Of its sweet face, I drew a vine,  
And sketched this little flower of mine.  
And now when all the flowers are dead,  
And no more flowers can come instead  
In such dear hands, I turn to see  
The little flower he brought to me,

And see, beside, his saddened face,  
And hear, just standing in his place,  
The words he sighed so low and grave  
Because his hand had slain the brave.



## PATIENCE WITH THE LOVE.

THEY are such little feet :  
They have gone such a tiny way to meet  
The years which are required to break  
Their steps to evenness, and make  
                    Them go  
                    More sure and slow.

They are such little hands :  
Be kind. Things are so new and Life but stands  
A step beyond the doorway. All around  
                    New day has found  
Such tempting things to shine upon, and so  
The hands are tempted hard, you know.  
They are such new, young lives :  
Surely their newness thrives  
Them well of many sins : they see so much

That, being immortal, they would touch ;

    If they would reach

    We must not chide but teach.

They are such fond, dear eyes

    That widen to surprise

At every turn ; they are so often held

To suns or showers—showers soon dispelled

    By looking in our face—

Love asks for such, much grace.

They are such fair, frail gifts ;

Uncertain as the rifts

Of light that lie along the sky—

They may not be here by and by—

Give them not love, but more——above

And harder—patience with the love.

## HIS THOUGHTS.

THERE was a time  
When no wild thyme  
Grew anywhere ;  
When no sweet flower  
Held up its face toward the shower—  
When rocks were bare.

Who thought first of the thyme ;  
Of all the stars that shine  
Amid the grass—  
White stars, and pink, and blue,  
And yellow flower-stars too  
On every pass ?

Who could have ever thought ,  
Or ever, ever brought  
Such bright, fair things

To grow beneath our feet——  
Pure bells and cups so sweet——  
Fairer than bird's bright wings?

Our Father planned them out :  
Each one He thought about,  
And as they grow,  
We see His thought anew—  
The form He chose, the hue—  
Though strown so low.

And if, however sad,  
We grow more glad  
When flower-cups lie  
Beneath our feet, it is because we see  
His thought for you and me  
In going by.

NOT BY MISTAKE.

WHAT could our love have done ? We tried  
To hold her fast : cried  
To the tender Hand  
That we might understand  
The right way, day by day—  
That she might stay.

What could our love have tried ?  
What secret, mystified,  
Could we have found for her dear sake ?  
Hearts break ;  
Light dies ; life's tenderest breath  
Grows cold upon her lips, but death  
Chose her for Love's sweet sake ;  
Not by mistake.

Perhaps if we could see  
Where she dreams now of you and me ;  
Look once upon her face,  
We might be glad such grace  
Was shown our glorified—  
Be satisfied,

## UNWRITTEN LANGUAGE

NOW I know  
That leaves have voices, very low  
And soft and tender,  
And the grasses, growing under,  
Whisper too, and call each other,  
Reeds that lean on one another,  
Mosses too, and dock, and cresses,  
Every one of these confesses  
Something—I can never tell you  
What; but mellow  
Are the voices, very gentle,  
Murmurs only accidental,  
When they earnest grow, or sadden  
To a wailing ; laugh, or gladden  
To a song—why, I can hear them,  
Listening closer to be near them,  
Listening at the garden border,

At the hillside, growing broader ;  
In the forest or the fallow,  
By the brook's heart reed and sallow :  
Hear them ?—why they wail and whisper,  
Sing, and when the leaves grow crisper  
Toward the autumn, you shall tell me  
What they say, if you can spell me  
Any words : they speak so gently,  
Though I listen so intently,  
I can scarcely tell a word  
Of all the chatter I have heard.



## WHAT CAN IT MATTER.

**H**E goes before.  
How could we ask for more  
Than His right hand to hold the briars aside ;  
To make the pathway wide  
Or narrow for the feet ;  
To lead through dust and heat ?  
If we be blind :  
If we could never find  
The way alone ;  
And do not know the tone  
Of all the world's strange voices, but must weep,  
And wake, and fall asleep,  
And keep along the way but scarcely know  
A bit about the reason why these things are so,  
What can it matter, since just on ahead  
A Hand is held to us—a Hand once red ?

## A CHILD'S PLEA FOR A LITTLE LIFE.

**B**E pitiful. That little stem  
Is such a fair, frail thing. Condemn  
It to the winds that beat—  
The winds will bind its winding-sheet,  
And it will go  
So dead, so cold, beneath the snow.

It seems to hold its pale leaves up  
Toward thy face. This frozen cup,  
Death-mixed, drips  
Coldly on such fragile lips ;  
They would sink back  
So doomed ; so dead ; so black.

It trembles where it stands :  
Quivers in reaching up its hands :

Bends to the winds. To-night,  
When all thy hearth is bright,  
Its lips will drink  
The frost breath—stay and think.

Be pitiful. Stoop down  
Toward this little life. So brown  
Will be the earth just here, you will be sad,  
When all the spring is glad,  
Because no more  
The bright face smiles which smiled before.

## HOURLY BY HOURLY.

ONE single day  
Is not so much to look upon. There is some way  
Of passing hours of such a limit. We can face  
A single day ; but place  
Too many days before sad eyes—  
Too many days for smothered sighs—  
And we lose heart  
Just at the start.  
Years really are not long, nor lives—  
The longest which survives—  
And yet, to look across  
A future we must tread bowed by a sense of loss,  
Bearing some burden weighing down so low  
That we can scarcely go  
One step ahead, this is so hard,  
So stern a view to face, unstarred,

---

Untouched by light, so masked with dread.  
If we would take a step ahead,  
Be brave and keep  
The feet quite steady ; feel the breath of life sweep  
Ever on our face again.  
We must not look across—looking in vain—  
But downward to the next close step,  
And up. Eyes which have wept  
Must look a little way, not far.  
God broke our years to hours and days, that hour by  
hour,  
And day by day,  
Just going on a little way,  
We might be able, all along,  
To keep quite strong.  
Should all the weight of life  
Be laid across our shoulders, and the future, rife  
With woe and struggle, meet us face to face  
At just one place,  
We could not go ;  
Our feet would stop, and so  
God lays a little on us every day,

.

And never, I believe, on all the way  
Will burdens bear so deep,  
Or pathways lie so steep,  
But we can go, if, by God's power,  
We only bear the burden of the hour,

## THE SKEIN WE WIND.

I F you and I to-day  
Should stop, and lay

Our life-work down, and let our hands fall where they  
will,

Fall down to lie quite still;

And if some other hand should come, and stoop to find  
The threads we carried, so that it could wind,  
Beginning where we stopped ; if it should come to keep

Our life-work going, seek

To carry on the good design

Distinctively made yours or mine,

What would it find ?

Some work we must be doing, true or false ;

Some threads we wind : some purpose so exalts

Itself that we look up to it, or down

As to a crown

To bow before, and we weave threads

Of different lengths and thickness, some mere shreds,  
And wind them round  
Till all the skein of life is bound ;  
Sometimes forgetting at the task  
To ask  
The value of the threads, or choose  
Strong stuff to use.  
No hand but winds some thread—  
It cannot stand quite still till it is dead—  
It winds and spins some little skein :  
God made each hand for work. Not toil-stain  
Is required, but every hand  
Spins, though but ropes of sand.  
If Love should come,  
Stooping above, when we are done,  
To find bright threads  
That we have held, that it may spin them longer, find  
but shreds  
That break when touched, how cold,  
Sad, shivering, portionless, the hands will hold  
The broken strands, and know  
Fresh cause for woe.



## TO-MORROW'S NEWS.

THERE will be news to-morrow :  
News of sorrow

Maybe ; hard, and sharp, and cutting ;

Shutting

Off a breath of sweetness ;

Life's completeness

Shattering further :

Clashing hard on one another

Hope and faith ; but God will choose

The wisest news.

If I to-night

Were given to write,

By my own will, the words to shape

To-morrow's course, sleep would escape

Me, and the wings

Of my light heart be bound. God ordereth things.

And I but pray:

Shape Thou my destiny,  
And use me to Thy will,  
Or, let me lie quite still  
Within Thy hand. The news  
Will be as God shall choose.

## RECOMPENSE.

WE are quite sure  
That He will give them back—bright, pure, and  
beautiful—

We know He will but keep  
Our own and His until we fall asleep.

We know He does not mean  
To break the strands reaching between  
The Here and There.

He does not mean—though heaven be fair—  
To change the spirits entering there, that they forget

The eyes upraised and wet,  
The lips too still for prayer,  
The mute despair.

He will not take  
The spirits which He gave, and make

The glorified so new  
That they are lost to me and you.

I do believe

They will receive  
Us—you and me—and be so glad  
To meet us, that when most I would grow sad  
I just begin to think about that gladness,  
And the day  
When they shall tell us all about the way  
That they have learned to go—  
Heaven's pathways show.

My lost, my own, and I  
Shall have so much to see together by and by.  
I do believe that just the same sweet face,  
But glorified, is waiting in the place  
Where we shall meet, if only I  
Am counted worthy in that by and by.  
I do believe that God will give a sweet surprise  
To tear-stained, saddened eyes,  
And that his heaven will be  
Most glad, most tided through with joy for you and me,  
As we have suffered most. God never made  
Spirit for spirit, answering shade for shade,  
And placed them side by side—

---

So wrought in one, though separate, mystified—  
And meant to break  
The quivering threads between. When we shall wake,  
I am quite sure, we will be very glad  
That for a little while we were so sad.

## WHY MOTHER IS PROUD.

**L**OOK in his face, look in his eyes—  
Roguish, and blue, and terribly wise—  
Roguish and blue, but quickest to see  
When mother comes in as tired as can be ;  
Quickest to find her the nicest old chair ;  
Quickest to get to the top of the stair ;  
Quickest to see that a kiss on her cheek  
Would help her far more than to chatter—to speak—  
Look in his face, and guess, if you can,  
Why mother is proud of her little man.

The mother is proud—I will tell you this ;  
You can see it yourself in her tender kiss,  
But why ? Well, of all her dears  
There is scarcely one who ever hears

The moment she speaks, and jumps to see  
What her want or her wish might be :  
Scarcely one. They all forget,  
Or are not in the notion to go quite yet ;  
But this she knows, if her boy is near,  
There is somebody certain to want to hear.

Mother is proud, and she holds him fast,  
And kisses him first and kisses him last ;  
And he holds her hand and looks in her face,  
And hunts for her spool which is out of its place,  
And proves that he loves her whenever he can :  
That is why she is proud of her little man.

PERHAPS.

WHY will the flowers come back—  
Winding all along the track,  
Smiling up toward the sun  
Just as they have always done,  
Though he cannot, cannot come ?  
How can they bear to smile  
In such a little while ;  
Looking up so glad, so gay ?  
I wish them far away,  
These flowers that love the sun.

Why will the birds sing so—  
Sing, going to and fro,  
Sing just as if his face,  
Not missing from its place,  
Was held to them this spring ?



---

Why will they flutter by,  
As friendly and as shy,  
As glad, it seems to me,  
As when he held his breath to see  
The quivering of each wing ?

Why will the sun forget ;  
Why will it rise and set  
In all its gorgeous dyes ?  
It will not sacrifice  
A single ray, but bright—  
It is as bright and glad  
As though I were not sad,  
As though his eyes upheld,  
Yet all the mystery spelled—  
The legends of the light.

Oh, heartless sun and flowers !  
Oh, heartless birds ! The hours  
Are harder, are more sad,  
Because they are so glad ;

And yet, perhaps, who knows?  
If I could see his face  
In that dear far-off place,  
I would be glad as they,  
All through the livelong day,  
Because God loved, and chose.

## COULD LOVE REBEL?

**L**OVE clasped her object close :  
Bent over it ; chose  
Woof of costly looms to wrap about ;  
Held her own arms out  
Before it and around ;  
Consented to be bound ;  
Prayed while it slept ;  
And yet—it wept.

Love dreamed but of the way  
To cherish each new day  
More sacredly her gift,  
And touched, with finger swift,  
A thousand chords, to wake,  
Just for its sake,  
New rhythms, but wondering mystified,

It turned to her, with eyes more wide,  
Touched by a human woe ; swept  
By a breath Love could not keep away, it wept.  
Love suddenly grew blind,  
She could not find  
The lips to breathe against,  
The eyes which had commenced  
To look beyond our own;  
The light which shone,  
As light will sometimes shine  
About some presence, hallowed as a shrine ;  
She could not find  
Snail, frightened, fondling hands : wind  
Her arms close about a little heart wounded or glad,  
Or just a trifle sad :  
She had no child  
To watch, and wake above—and yet it smiled,  
Trying its new, free wings, that bitter night,  
Along God's upper light,  
Forgetting, as its free wings swept,  
That it had wept.

---

Love could not see it face.  
She could not trace  
The flight of its fair wings ;  
Nor see the things  
It smiled to look upon ; nor hold  
Her hands in benediction, as of old :  
Nor keep  
Her arms about, fearing some breath might sweep  
Too rudely and too near ;  
She had no cause for fear !  
But, though alone,  
Transfixed in grief as carved stone,  
Could she rebel, or cry,  
Knowing that terrors sweeping by,  
Anguish pale-faced, and woe  
Which might invade her arms, could never go  
So high,  
So near the sky,  
So near to those whom God doth keep,  
That they should weep ?

LET THEM BE GLAD.

THEY are not kind :  
Their words find  
Such hard syllables to dwell upon ; they see  
Such bitter sentences, and cannot free  
The spelling, as they read,  
From crooked letters, which, being interpreted,  
Would mean but prejudice. They spell,  
Forgetting that God's light would serve them well  
In such strange reading;  
Proceeding  
With truth's lips to read aright—  
Not putting dark for light.  
They are not just.  
But put aside their littleness, and trust  
To be content in simply passing by  
Their hardness : forget the reason why

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Days are more sad.  
Let them be glad,  
If they can find a way,  
For in some far-off day  
What will it matter if they read aright,  
Or turned the writing from the light?

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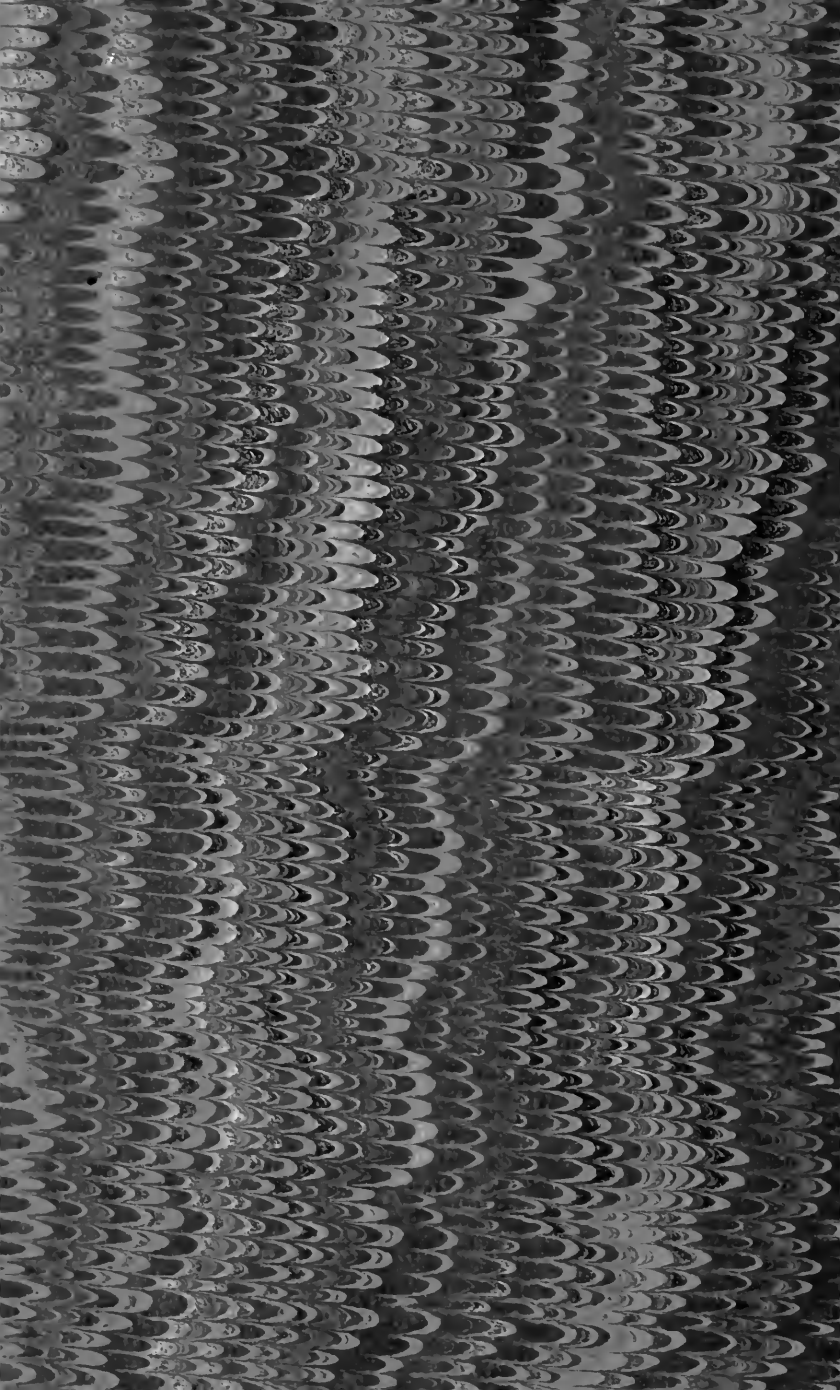




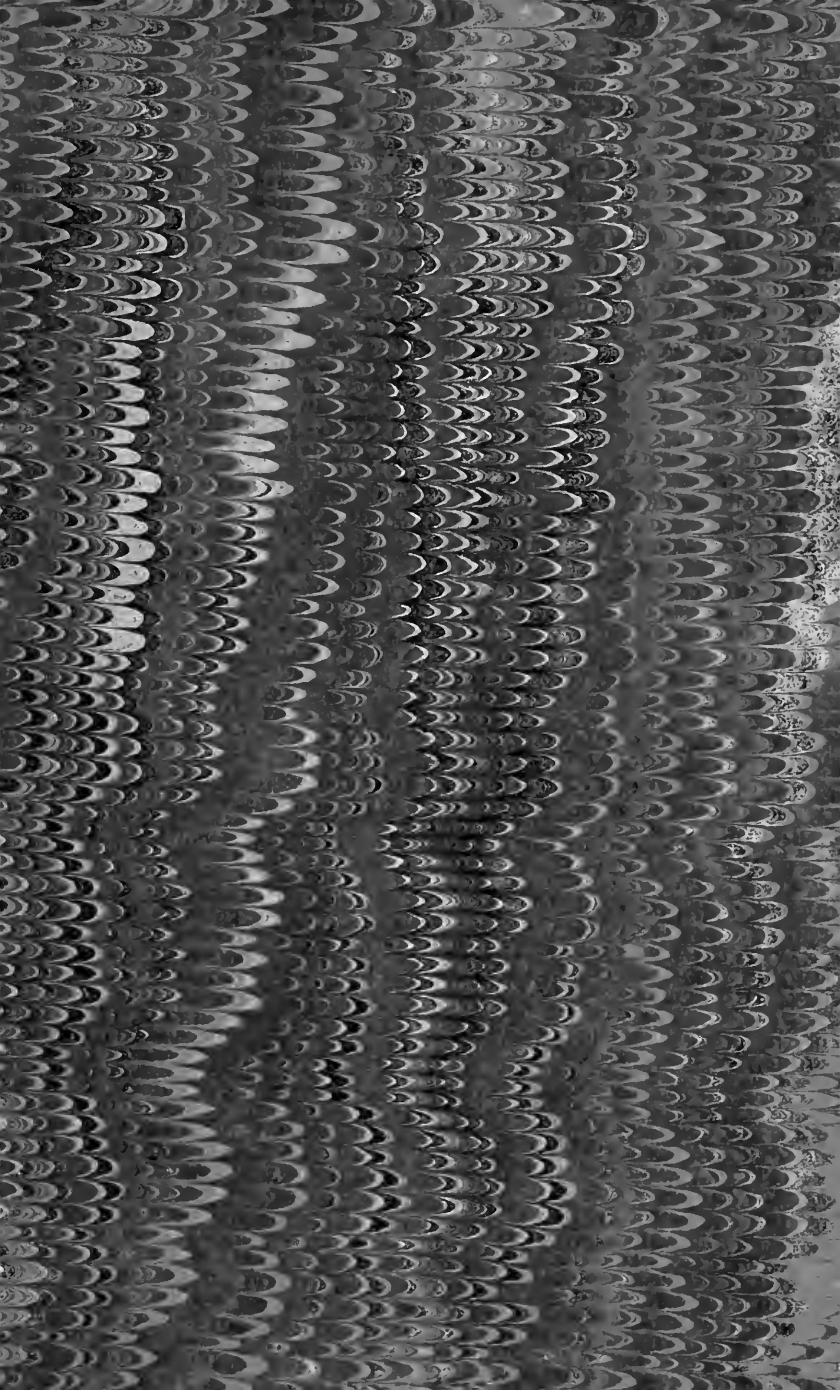












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